



" Prompt to improve and to invite,
 " We blend instruction with delight."

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POPULAR TALES.

" To virtue if these Tales persuade,
 " Our pleasing toil is well repaid."

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

THE MELANCHOLIST.

Frank Porter was my earliest and bosom friend and almost the only companion of my childhood. Our parents were neighbours and very intimate and therefore cherished the intimacy between their children. We were nearly of the same age, and possessed the same warm feelings, the same almost enthusiastic love of the wild and beautiful scenes of nature. We studied and read and played together, and climbed the neighbouring hills to see the same objects and pluck the wild flowers, and together followed the meanderings of some rocky mountain stream to lure the trout from its secret shelter. In short we were scarcely ever separate, whether at school or play. Many is the time he received correction, for faults committed by me, and often have I returned home at evening sad and trembling, with torn clothes and manifold bruises received in espousing his cause against some larger and stronger schoolboy. In these cases we never repined, but sought in secret some method of revenging ourselves on our opponents. Thus life passed away, till our nineteenth year, like some gently flowing stream without an obstruction to ripple it. But it was soon to be darkened to both of us, and like some homeless exile, I love to look back on that innocent that only happy period of my existence and call to mind even the slightest incidents of boyhood. It was the memorable epoch of my life, from which, my character and feelings have taken their colouring, and it is not strange that I can particularize.

It was the 10th of June, the summer of my nineteenth year. The day had been hot and sultry, but the breezes at evening, moderating the air, rendered it delightful. The stars glittered gaily, while scarce a cloud obscured their beams. The moon shone forth with almost mid-day brightness, and touched every

object with a calm and mellow light. A few songsters, as the moon shone brightly into their nests, warbled lowly, and the nighthawk screamed as he wheeled and sported in the and blue ether above me. It was a lovely night, heated with the labours of the day Frank wandered alone to the river side, where the cliff rose almost perpendicularly from its bosom. Small mountain flowrets sprung here and there from the mossy surface and a single dwarfish elm clung to the very edge of the precipice.

I had been absent a few days on a journey to a distant part of the state, and returned that evening, though sometime sooner than I had expected. Finding that he was not at home and concluding that he had gone to the cliff, as it was a favourite walk, I immediately started to meet him. He was leaning on the elm and seemed gazing intently on the beautiful landscape, the glittering cloudless sky, and the bright moon so clearly pictured on the still, dark waters beneath. Perhaps he was thinking of other subjects, of his views and future prospects, of the joys and sorrows of life, or of its uncertainty and the weighty truths of eternity, for a sigh now and then escaped his bosom;—perhaps he wept, but his face was hidden. So intentlv was he meditating, that he did not perceive my approach, till I stood at his side and spoke. He started at my voice, his foot slipped, he lost his balance and fell from the cliff. I sprang forward, but it was too late. I bent over the edge and he was clinging to a slender vine that grew from a crevice in the face of the precipice. His strength was failing, and making a desperate effort to reach a larger shrub, that grew above his head, he fell and the waters received him with a sullen sound. He rose, there was a struggle for an instant, and the waters closed over the head of my friend, and looked as bright and tempting as before. I stood rooted to the cliff with silent astonishment. I could not move or speak. Recollection seemed taken away and a confused image of indescribable horror floated over my brain. But when the truth broke upon my mind—

when I thought that I had partly caused the death of my friend, and was alone in the world, I lay down and groaned in agony, and almost wished to leap from the cliff and bury myself with him.

It is now many years since the event happened, but even now at evening when all around is still, and I sit alone, comparing the "cold realities of life" with the bright and sunshiny pictures conjured up by our youthful fancies, the form of my friend seems to stand before me, and I cover my eyes as if to hide it from my view. And when the morning sunlight has filled the earth with life and gladness, and I walk forth to breathe the fresh air, some well remembered spot, some favourite flower presents itself, and I think of the time when he enjoyed them with me, and weep at the change. And when I look upon the calm waters and the butting cliff, that haggard look bursts upon my eyes and I turn away in agony from the view. Melancholy thoughts come over my mind like shadows over the face of the "chaste cold moon." Would that I could tear them from my bosom, but they have twined themselves round my inmost soul, and will cease to rankle only with the end of my existence.

CARLOS.

FROM THE PHILADELPHIA ALBUM.

LES RIVAUX.

BY LEWIS G. CLARK.

Fab.—She did shew favour to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valor, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her, and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have hanged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was baulkt. The double guilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion, where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some attempt either of valor or policy—*Twelfth Night, or What you will.*

A few miles from the great commercial city of New-York, and amidst some of the noblest scenes of the Hudson, there is a beautiful village, whose grassy walks are threaded every summer by sundry "younger folk," who come, wearied with the heat, dust and everlasting bustle of the metropolis, to spend their time in study at the Village School. The Academy is a pleasant edifice, whose western windows look out upon a rich meadow, in its gentle slope to the very margin of that king of picturesque bays, the Tappan Zee. Here with their minds occupied at their lessons, and in contemplating nature, whose loveliest and grandest works are scattered in such profusion, time glides by with its usual rapidity, when the young are without care or sorrow.

Some years ago EGBERT GLENVILLE was my room mate at this same school. His father was a merchant in town, and spared no pains in catering for the enjoyment of his family, consisting of only two children. My *chum* was a sweet tempered, ingenious youth, of

about nineteen, and his fine countenance was a complete index of his disposition. There might have been a shade too much in his eyes which whenever he spoke with feeling, seemed to melt into a liquid blue, but nobody found fault with their colour, or with the dark brown hair which clustered over his white, manly brow. Egbert, however had a two-fold purpose in coming to this school, and learning, I am prone to believe, was not the most predominant.

ALICE GREY, although her father consulted comfort in tarrying in this retired village, had nevertheless frequently visited her uncle in town—and as the said relative resided in the same street, and the next door to Mr. Glenville, and was on terms of intimacy with him, it was perhaps lucky for young Glenville that she did so—for he managed to get an introduction, and by divers ways, achieved a most particular intimacy. It was this circumstance which made him fall, with such gladness into the proposition of his father to attend the summer term of this school, which owed, with him, its only interest to the section in which it was situated. It was a long time before I caught a glimpse of our hero's *inamorata*; although he found no leisure pleasantly employed, that was not passed in her bewitching company. I at length had my curiosity gratified.

"I wish," said he at the close of a sweet shower in June, and after we had gazed for a long time at a many coloured arch which still continued faintly to span the eastern sky—"I wish you would accompany me in a walk, the air is so delightful—and perhaps—"

"Perhaps what?" inquired I, as I saw my friend adjusting his baptiste cravat, and arranging his hair with scrupulous carelessness.

"Why perhaps—it's not impossible—we might you know, meet—that is,—see somebody."

We sallied out together; and as we were past a rich looking mansion, with a pretty sloping lawn in the rear, my friend's hat was touched in approved taste, and I turned to see who had elicited his most obsequious *conge*. It was Alice Grey. She stood at an open window with a slight blush creeping over her exquisite face. An ivory fan was clasped in a little hand, as white as the dress whose graceful folds shadowed forth her finely rounded form. "You will call to-night, Coz," said she to Egbert—"I have some choice intelligence for you—Indeed, you must not fail—will you?" After going through with the ceremony of giving me an introduction, my friend promised compliance, and we passed on.

I will pass over the oft-repeated inquiries of "Is she not an angel—didn't she look like a sylph?" as well as the thousand affirmative replies, that fall so pleasantly on the ear of a young lover, and make the reader acquainted with a third personage, an inmate of our Institution.

His name was Medwin. With a handsome person and a rather commanding appearance, he was calculated at first sight, to inspire one with the idea of a gentleman. But so soon as he opened his mouth, the supposition vanished. He was a self-conceited proud exquisite—without genius or intellect, and only skilled in tying a good cravat, being a good whip, and in dealing out the fashionable fanfaronade about himself, and the many wonders he had seen. For he would have it known that he had sailed across the water—had promenaded Regents Park, and Bond Street—had sputtered bad French in the Thuilleries, and lost himself in the beauties of the Champs Elysees. He had, in reality, however, returned to his native country, with his mind unimproved by what he had witnessed—with his nature still uncultivated and unaltered.

I have said that this fellow was of our number—though it was no honour to call him a fellow-student, as his lessons were never acquired, and his class mates were ashamed of his ignorance and unpardonable remissness. He had by some means or other, become acquainted with Alice Grey—and when young Glenville called in the evening as he had promised, he found her in a *tete-a-tete*, with this modern Brummel, who returned a forced, affected nod to his familiar salutation.

The evening passed heavily by. Our hero was in agony to hear the flattering nonsense which the biped took every occasion to mingle in his weary discourse—and it went to his heart to see that little hand, which he always trembled with a mysterious feeling when in the act of taking, pressed with the utmost *nonchalance* by his formidable rival. The truth was, he was vexed, grieved, and angry, and it is not to be wondered at, that when he rose to retire, he mingled covert sarcasm, and but half concealed reproach with his adieu. He was invited to repeat his call in an apparently sincere and affectionate manner—but distrust had mingled with the emotions he felt towards Alice Grey—and it was not a little enhanced by his fancying he heard before he reached the gate, her suppressed laugh, as the conceited Medwin faintly, though distinctly muttered—

“Is *that* your life of life, Ma’m’selle? I think him villainously *outré*. Did ye smoke his cravat? most a *la uncouthé*,” as the French would say—and the hair—quite pretty, certes, but wants a *tonseur*,—eh, Miss Grey?”

Had Glenville heard the reply to these insolent and foolish queries, it would have saved him much after unhappiness. But the idea of her joining in the sallies of Medwin, coupled as it was with her apparent neglect, rankled in his bosom, and was quite too much for his easy nature. On his return he told me all—and concluded by asserting that though she was an angel in form and feature, she was the most deceitful of that sex, of which she was in person such a lovely representative.

The whole man of Glenville became radi-

cally changed. He could not study—and innocently mingled philosophy, euclid, and chemistry, in one promiscuous mass at his recitations. As he entered our room one afternoon from the chapel, where he had brought upon himself the laugh of his fellows, by his unconnected and foreign answers to questions from the tutor, he laid aside his books and turned to me with a tear trembling on his long eye-lash. “Mine Ancient,” said he, (we had our mutual college appellations from Shakespeare.) “Mine Ancient, I cannot learn any thing here—the place is getting dull—I am rather indisposed, and I think I shall away to town.” The next day his resolution was taken, and I parted with extreme reluctance from my agreeable companion.

Not long after his departure, I received a letter, informing me of his intention of visiting the old world, and that he was to sail the ensuing week. He wished, as if it were a matter which had accidentally caught his attention, that I would say to Miss Grey that he was about to leave the country and to bid her for him farewell. It was written in melancholy spirit, and the writer seemed to fancy that he should never return. “I often,” said he, at the close of his epistle, “think of that untried and mysterious existence, which lies beyond the portals of the narrow house—towards the silence of whose repose my ill health warns me I am hastening. Yet somehow or other, my dear Ancient, I do not shrink appalled from the approach of death—terrible as he has been held by me before in my waking hours, and in my dreams. In the words of your favourite poet, I can say—

“Well—let him strike! he shall not find
A weak, reluctant spirit here—
Why should I long to stay behind
Till age comes cold, and sad, and drear!
Ling’ring while others are at rest
Beneath the ruins Time hath made,
Till chill, and damp, above my breast,
Life’s latest evening flings its shade.”

To the world, I am aware such sentiments as these may seem the offspring of a weak mind; but he who thus expressed them, was a sensitive being, with whom first, young affection was the dearest tie that bound him to existence. Let those, then, who would chide the miscalled folly of young and ardent attachment, remember that it is a garden in the waste of life—a spot of sunshine upon the past, to which he who has once possessed it turns, when his eye is dim with age—when his step trembles by the brink of the tomb—that it is a solace in that second childhood, which holds out no hope of earthly promise. But I am disgressing.

I soon obtained an opportunity of fulfilling my friend’s request. As I was gazing out of my window one beautiful evening, upon scenery, over which the moon shed an unbroken gleam of bright light, I heard voices in low conversation, and recognized in the person of one of the speakers, the figure of Alice Grey—

and I need not add that I ran down with the communication I had received. She was walking with her brother, and seemed to be in but poor spirits, for a tear was trembling on her cheek.

"How is *your* friend Egbert," she enquired, with a forced smile, "He seems to have grown suddenly weary of our quiet hamlet—and it is pretty enough too, to most people—but he loves the town and its—"

I interrupted her to say, "There *was* a time, Miss Grey, when the stress you have placed on *your*, would have been deemed too exclusive."

She coloured deeply, as she rejoined, "Well, I'll try again. Is *my* friend well? for I see no reason why Egbert should not be my friend."

"His letter will answer you," I replied—and her eyes glistened, as, bidding her a good night, I placed the unsealed tribute in her hand.

It was near twelve at night, and just as I retiring to rest, that I heard a faint rap at the door of my room. It was opened, and a servant presented me with a sealed packet for Egbert Glenville, with an open note for myself, the purport of which was a request that I would use no delay in forwarding the accompanying letter to my friend, if haply it might reach him before he set sail for Europe. "There was a slight misunderstanding between them, which she would fain have adjusted, before his leaving America."

The warm season had now arrived—the season of oppressive days and sleepless nights, when the broad Tappaan Zee was unruffled by a breath of air, and the long branches of the willows which hung over the walks, had none of that graceful motion which a gentle wind was wont to awaken in their pendant foliage. It was a time of general illness; and as I felt a lassitude and a faintness daily stealing over myself, in spite of my excellent constitution, I was not unprepared for the intelligence of the indisposition of Alice Grey. Little did I imagine that it was an illness which no medical advice could alleviate—no physical skill allay—that it was the faint and overpowering sickness of the heart.

When I called to enquire after her health, I found her somewhat convalescent—for one comparatively mild day, had wrought a manifest change both in body and spirit. Her countenance was indeed pale, but her smile, and the brightness of her eyes, were a sufficient proof that it was not an alarming whiteness which rested upon her face, where late the lily and the rose were so luxuriantly mingled. Her brother was engaged in conning over the columns of a newspaper by her side, as she sat gazing out of the open window at the distant river and bay, spotted with white sails, which were dropping indolently down towards the great commercial mart of their destination; and her little foot, encased in a thin blue prunella, was moving with that slight but constant motion, which often betokens a deep reverie.

The pleasant conversation we had commenced was interrupted, by hearing read, with a tone of surprise, by her brother a notice from the ship news, which ran thus;—"Sailed yesterday, the 10th inst. the Cleopatra, Capt. Allen, for London. Among the passengers, we learn, is Mr. EGBERT GLENVILLE, of this city, who is about making the tour of Europe for the benefit of his health."

The intelligence was like an electric shock. The vessel had sailed the very day on which I had despatched my last letter, enclosing the one from Miss Grey—and Glenville had gone to England never to return! No marvel that the party most concerned in this sad news, bore not long the painful emotions its sudden announcement had excited. Weak and exhausted as she was, it was not without a degree of satisfaction that I beheld the heart-stricken girl sink into a state of insensibility.

It was in September, and on one of the sweetest days of that pensive month, that I prevailed upon the physician who attended upon Miss Grey, to permit her to accompany me in a short walk, to the borders of the Tappaan Zee. I believed the pure and mild air of the season would act like magic upon her health, which, with good counsel and careful attendance, was now considered beyond danger. As we promenaded slowly down the lawn with the leaves dropping every moment beneath our feet, and chased by the gentle south wind in a thousand eddies, our conversation naturally turned upon the beauty of the landscape, stretching away in the mellow light, so peculiar to sober Autumn, and the unison of the season, with decayed hopes, and blighted expectations. The pure girl looked up to me with an affection she deemed due to the friend of him whom she had loved so well. If she esteemed me, it was not the less heartfelt, because I was the warm friend of Glenville—and if she once detested the heartless coxcomb, whom she had permitted for a moment, in her maiden pride of conquest, to stand between her and one dearer than all the world beside, she now doubly despised and spurned him.

We had been speaking of Glenville—of his noble qualities, his generous nature, his sincerity and purity of heart, and had indulged ourselves in striving not to doubt his again landing upon the shore of his own beloved land.

"I am sure he will return," said my companion, and in the ardour of the expression, her features assumed the roseate hue, of perfect health. "He will—he cannot stay in a strange land, among an unfamiliar and strange people. And when he *does* come back, then I can show him how much I despise that heartless Medwin—then I can convince him how fondly and truly I loved—"

"Egbert Glenville?" inquired a voice behind us—and it was no other than my friend, whose heart shone in his eyes, as he pressed the unyielding girl to his bosom.

* * * * *

I cannot describe the process of their "making up,"—it was so broken—so hurried—so full of gentle and oft retracted reproaches, kind and touching explanations, and all the "thousand appurtenances thereunto belonging." This much, however, I remember, that the fond Alice succeeded in convincing him that she had not *much* coquetry in her disposition, and only intended, by encouraging an insipid cockney for a while before him, to ascertain whether he *really* loved her. But Glenville was less successful—for with all his eloquence to the contrary, Miss Grey would not consider it otherwise than cruel for him "to write me that ugly, gloomy letter, and to insert that wicked fib in the newspaper, of having left America." The happy parties in their friendly reproaches, walked so slow in the short distance home, that before they had arrived, the steamer from which my friend had but just landed, was like a speck between the highlands. The benefit of the *walk* upon the recovering patient was so apparent, that a few days after, the village physician informed me, that the promenade we had *mutually* proposed, had resulted in the most beneficial effects—"that is," he added, with a smirk, "taken in conjunction with the action of medicine upon the animal system?"

A few months since, I was one of the many passengers who left the busy pier at Albany, on my way to New-York, in that splendid *batteau a vapeur*, the North America. I was charmed, during the whole passage, with the magnificent scenery—the immense Catskills, lying like a long, uneven range of dark clouds, in relief against the bright blue sky—the little vistas opening from between the green hills into the quiet country—and the whole air of grandeur and beauty, which are, at intervals, so profusely sprinkled along the borders of the mighty Hudson.

My attention was somewhat arrested, as we neared the highlands, by the bearing and petty observations of a man, with remarkable white hands, and a ribbon around his neck, to which was attached a small glass, "which ever and anon he gave his eye," in reconnoitering the shores. Though not richly dressed, his habiliments were at the extravagant climax of fashion—and his whole air was that of an exquisite of the first water. Observing a gentleman, who was lolling over the railing at my side, smiling at the ridiculously pompous figure he cut, in his dignified stride to and fro on the deck, I ventured to enquire if he knew his name, as his features were familiar to my recollection. "Why," said the gentleman, "his name is MEDWIN—a conceited, ignorant fellow whose father, once rich in New-York, is now but limitedly comfortable, and has cut his proud son off with but just enough to work his indolent way along with all economy. Still he would *seem* to be what he never was, or will be—a gentleman. And while picking his teeth on the steps of a hotel in the city, after an

indifferent dinner at an humble restaurant's, he fancies himself fitted to be the oracle of all who aspire to *ton*."

There was something in the tone of the speaker that pleased me, and looking attentively in his face, I grasped his hand—"Your name is——"

"Glenville——!"

The recognition was instantaneous, and our meeting, being unexpected, was joyful in the extreme.

We ran over the changes through which we had passed, and descanted upon the alteration time had wrought in our looks—and answered each other's inquiries with that pleasure which springs up unbidden, in the mind, when looking back upon the cloud and sunshine of the past.

"Do you know that turret?" said Glenville, as we merged from the highlands into the bay, pointing to the cupola of the Institution in which I had passed the hey-day of youth.

"I have reason to remember it," said I, "having been left there once without a room mate, by a mad cap youth on a certain occasion." "We will talk these matters over to-night with Alice," said my friend, "for you will surely make us amends now for your long absence, by paying us such a visit as becomes such an old and tried friend. The bell rings for landing. Don't be pretending to hesitate between two opinions, for Mrs. Glenville will be delighted to see you."

I ordered my baggage ashore, and taking Glenville's arm, we were leaving the steamer, when I heard the biped who had attracted so much attention in our passage, remark—"Yes, it's a tolerable place, that little hamlet—so-soish, but dull enough, as I can testify, dem'me, I was cooped up there once at school, but couldn't endure it. The inhabitants too, are *outré*, as the French would say—quite destitute of *politesse*, 'pon my veracity."

"The same fool as ever," said my companion, who had also caught this affected speech—"the same heartless, brainless fellow, that made sport for us at school." "And yet, with all his folly," I rejoined, "you once envied his acquirements, which could so easily 'win fair lady'—and if I am not mistaken, notwithstanding his lack of brains, you erewhile considered him a dangerous RIVAL."

I passed the night with my friend. With his sweet little girl upon my knee, I listened to her mother's account of the nuptial ceremony—the friends who were there—and the mutual happiness of their parents at the choice each had made. And when on the following day, business required my absence, I left with regret their delightful dwelling, intent upon a release from the miscalled state of "*single blessedness*,"—upon seeking out, if possible some one who could awaken for me, that pure pleasure, which beamed ever, from the eyes of my friend when he surveyed his lovely wife and child.

THE TRAVELLER.

"He travels and expatiates as the bee
"From flower to flower, so he from land to land."

GROTTO OF ANTIPAROS.

From the Sketches of Naval Life, by Mr. Jones.

"Antiparos is an island of the Archipelago, about seven miles in length, narrow, and separated from Paros by a channel, one mile in its narrowest part.

"The grotto is on the Southern side of the Island, facing the South West: our approach was from the North Eastward: we crossed the ridge of a high, bare eminence; then descending a little, and turning, had the entrance before us. A large cavern yawned, with the giant, an immense salagmite; and the whole nearly as the book tells us. This is fifteen feet wide and thirty deep: but this is not the grotto: it is only the vestibule. At the back part of this cavern, we descended a little, and then halted before a hole, dark and silent, down which we were to descend. While we were preparing to enter, noises began to issue from it, and a light to glimmer; and then a midshipman from the North Carolina emerged pale and sick with the damps and fatigue. The cave seems to be now frequently visited, and the Greeks have a rope and ladders prepared, for which they charge: but the former is weak, and we were cautioned against trusting ourselves to it, as near a dozen would have clung to it at a time. They made ours fast to a salagmite at the entrance, and passing in, we saw no more of them; but, after a while, were informed that all was ready: so we lighted our tapers, and clinging to the rope with our right hand, began to descend. No one thought of danger; for directly after entering, one of the grandest sights opened upon us, that eyes have seen. At first we heard hammering, and voices within, without being able to tell whence they proceeded: but soon a cave of vast dimensions presented itself, its ceiling covered with stalactites, and its sides glittering with spar. A party from the North Carolina was below, and as they were scattered in every direction, and every one had a light, we were able to see at one view the whole extent of this immense chamber: our party added very much to the effect, as they were seen, by the dim lights they bore, descending along its side. The lower part of the descent was effected by a rope ladder: after this we passed over some slippery rocks, and found ourselves at the bottom. On our right, was a slanting chasm, which we avoided by passing over a heap of earth towards the left; and then found ourselves in the most brilliant part of the grotto. The spar, in many places, had been injured by visitors, but it is still exceedingly beautiful. Its purity is without a speck or shade: it is very clear and its fracture of dazzling brightness: those parts that are protected from the air, covered with shining crystals, and in many

parts it has formed itself into singular nodules, and other grotesque forms. Some of them our officers not inaptly compared to cauliflowers. In two things, my impressions were different from those of former travellers. The lights below, enable me to see that we passed at once into the large chamber, and did not enter it through a succession of others, as I had expected to do. The size too is smaller than I had anticipated. It is difficult to judge amid such obscurity; but I should think it not more than one hundred and fifty feet long; about seventy in breadth, and of equal height: but the shape is very irregular. The shelving descent on our right, leads, doubtless to other grottos: part of the way down is a figure, bearing a strong resemblance to a woman with a child in her arms, which the Greeks call "the Virgin." An active imagination, in the fantastic shapes, into which many of the spars have formed themselves, might easily discover in them human forms, beasts and flowers. The handsomest parts however, are fast disappearing; for as each traveller considers its beauties as a lawful prey, and selects his pieces, without caring for the injury done in procuring them, much is carried off, and more destroyed.

"Towards the further end of the cave is the altar, spoken of by Magni, the Italian. The resemblance is exceedingly striking; and is still greater, as the whole stands isolated in the chamber with a neat little area in front. A number of large stalactites descend from the vault above: the droppings from them have caused numberless smaller columns to ascend; some plain and straight, others irregular, and forming altogether a very good imitation of a Roman Catholic altar, with its tapers and fanciful decorations.

"Over the centre of the altar is a very large stalactite: I climbed up, and on striking it with a hammer, it rung like a bell.—Our officers had last year, broken one of them from its place: it is Arragonite, with radiating crystals. Near the altar, is a small chamber, neatly partitioned off by the spar.

"The brilliancy of this article forms the characteristic of the cave. Nearly the whole Island is a rock of marble, equal in purity to Parian: the deposits are, therefore, the most brilliant imaginable: when it is well lighted up, the scene must be a splendid one. Commodore Rogers, in a visit last year, had it illuminated with blue lights, I understand with admirable effect.

"I should have liked to spend many hours there: but light after light had ascended the shelving sides, and at last I heard the voices of my companions chiding my delay. So I hurried to a fountain, near the spot where we finished our descent; sipped a little of its hard waters, and soon was breathing fresh air in the light of the clear day.

*Lieut. T——, a fine piece is still in this gentleman's Cabinet in Middletown, Ct. who gave a very interesting account of this transaction; other pieces of the same serve to ornament a mantle piece in that city.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Variety we still pursue,
"In pleasure seek for something new."

Anecdote of Nelson.—"I was with Lord Nelson at Copenhagen," says General Stewart, when he wrote the note to the Crown Prince of Denmark, proposing terms of arrangement. A cannon ball struck off the head of the boy who was crossing the cabin with a light to seal it. "Bring another candle," said his Lordship. I observed that I thought it might be very well to send it as it was, for it would not be expected that the usual forms could be observed at such a moment. "That is the very thing I would wish to avoid, Colonel," replied he: "for if the least appearance of precipitation were perceptible in the manner of sending this note, it might spoil all." Another candle being now brought, he sealed the letter, carefully enclosed it in an envelope with a seal bearing his coat of arms, coronet etc. and delivered it to the officer in waiting to receive it. The moment is reported to have been a critical one, and this note is stated to have determined the event.

Revolutionary Anecdote.—The following fact took place during the period when Washington and the half-starved, half-clad troops were in winter quarters at Valley Forge. A young man, not quite twenty, from the western part of Massachusetts, was on guard before the General's door, marching back and forth in the snow, on a tremendous cold morning. Washington came out and accosted him, "My friend, how long have you been on guard here?" "Nearly two hours, sir." "Have you breakfasted?" "No, sir." "Give me your gun, and go breakfast at my table."—He did so and Gen. Washington marched the rounds till he returned.

Dr. — is rather a dull preacher.—Having to officiate lately at the Foundling Hospital in the evening, divine service was scarcely over, when he said to a friend who was on a visit at his house, "Come J—, and hear me at the Foundling." "Thank ye, Doctor, but I can take a nap very well *where I am.*"

What does Paul say?—A country Clergyman about repairing to church on a Sunday morning, was informed by his wife that they had no meat for dinner; where upon he despatched his black man, Cæsar to a neighbour of his, generally known by the name of Paul, to borrow a piece of beef—after which he was directed to repair to church. The black fellow went for the beef, but was refused on the ground that his master had already borrowed very often but had neglected to pay. Cæsar repaired to church, the refusal of the meat still running in his head—and it so happened that just as he was entering the door, his master was dilating upon the

words of the apostles, and thus addressed his hearers—"What does Paul say?" Cæsar supposing himself interrogated answered—"What do Paul say? why, he say, he cant let you hab no more meat, till you pay up the old score!"

A father exhorting his son to early rising, related a story of a person who early one morning found a large purse of money. Well, replied the youth, but the person who lost it rose earlier.

Encouragement.—A country printer once presented a bill to a delinquent subscriber, and finding payment evaded, finally sued him. On being served with the summons he exclaimed, "what! sue *me* who subscribed for his paper four years ago merely to *encourage* him! I'll take his paper no longer.

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1829.

New Novel.—The late English papers say that a new novel called *Devereux* by the author of "Pelham" and the "Disowned," is soon to be published.

Berkshire Medical Institution.—The course of Lectures annually delivered at this Institution, Pittsfield, Mass. commences on the first Thursday of September and continues fifteen weeks.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"A Tale of old Times," is received. We have hardly had time to examine it; but think it probable it will find a place in our columns at some future period.

The poetry of Osmar is welcome; though the first piece is rather lengthy for our paper—to his question, we answer in the negative.

Several other pieces are on hand, which we have not leisure to particularize—those considered worthy of insertion shall be attended to in due season.

Credit.—Though gratified that articles with which we have been originally favoured should be so extensively circulated, we consider it no more than common courtesy, which ought to be extended to all, however humble, that such articles should be credited by publishers to the paper for which they were originally written; for surely if they are worth republishing they are worth crediting. We have been led to make these remarks in consequence of having observed that several of our pieces, even some of those which obtained the prizes, *Harry Grey* in particular, have been in many instances republished without acknowledging the source from which they were taken; thus depriving us of a benefit, which we are always glad to reciprocate, and to which we consider every publisher fairly entitled.

MARRIED,

In this city, on the 29th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Stebbins, Mr. Isaac Thompson to Miss Susan Smith.

On Saturday evening the 1st inst. by F. M. Beekman, Mr. William Brando, of Cocksackie, to Miss Amy Shaffer, of this city.

At Nantucket, Mr. Swain to Miss Joy. Of course he is a *Joy-ful Swain.*

DIED,

In this city, on Monday morning last, an infant son of Mr. Isaac B. Gage.

On Thursday the 30th ult. Mr. Wilhelmus Best, aged 72 years.



POETRY.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

BRUTUS.

He sat, at midnight's awful hour,
Within his silent tent,
His mind removed from vexing power,
His thoughts on study bent:
'Twas silent every where around,
And, save the zephyr's breath,
The listening ear could catch no sound—
'Twas all as still as death.
But, hark! what sudden noise was that
That burst upon the ear,
That seemed like some unearthly thing,
The youthful patriot near?
Why does he gaze, with piercing eyes,
Upon the vacant gloom?
Why does his hair with horror rise?
His cheek, death's hue assume?
'Twas but a moment;—to his cheek
Life's tide again has rushed,
The voice of fear no more may speak—
Its whisper he has hushed.
And though that form of giant size
Still stands before him there,
Still fixes on him such keen eyes,
That few their glance could bear,
Yet firm the dauntless hero stands,
Beneath the unearthly scan,
And in a steady voice demands,
"What art thou—fiend or man?"
A dread, sepulchral tone replied,
"Thine Evil Genius I."
"Why art thou here?" the hero cried,
"Why hast thou come? say why?"
"To tell thee we shall meet again
And thou shalt know my power;—
Expect me on Philippi's plain,
In thy decisive hour!"
He spoke and vanished into air,
But on Philippi's field,
He who had promised to be there,
Too well his word fulfilled.

MARIA.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

RETROSPECTION.

Ah! whither now have fled
Those fond departed hours;
When Hope her pinions gaily spread,
And strew'd my path with flowers,
When smiling Youth sat on my brow,
With bright and joyous air,
And pass'd my days, I knew not how,
Nor sorrow knew, nor care.
With joy I hail'd the dawn,
And sail'd on pleasure's wing;
I roved at eve the verdant lawn,
To hear the birds blithe caroling.
But Childhood's days have past,
And Youth's bright visions fled,
Like flowers that winter's sullen blast,
Hath numbered with the dead.
A mother's cheering smile I knew,
Which every hour beguiled
And Youthful Friends sincere and true,
In life's young morning, smiled,—

Now yon white marble marks the place,
Where that fond mother sleeps.
And memory while those scenes I trace,
O'er broken Friendship weeps. JULIUS.

FROM THE GEM. SONG.

BY MISS WINCHESTER.

Love!—I have heard them say that love
Was fittest formed for woman's heart;
And that the god assailed her most,
Because she was the weakest part.
What then?—I know 'tis meeter far
For proud and faithless man to rove
A lofty, solitary thing,
Than stoop to gentle woman's love.
But *she*—all tenderness—all hope,
Her heart to loveliest feelings given;
How is it strange that she should love,
Since "*heaven is love, and love is heaven.*"

FROM THE NEW-YORK MIRROR. MEMORY.

Ah! what survives misfortune's blight—
Blooms fresher 'neath a stormy sky—
Through clouds of darkness shines more bright?
'Tis memory—faithful memory!
When absence chills the glowing heart,
And fond regret bedews the eye,
What can a thrilling bliss impart?
'Tis memory—faithful memory!
When fancy dwells on forms long dear,
And fond affection prompts the sigh,
Whose fairy glass shows loved ones here?
'Tis memory—faithful memory!

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preached to us all,
"Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Pea-cock.

PUZZLE II.—The preposition *for*—thus: The theatre is a playhouse, the gambling-house is a house *for* play.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

I am a word of eight letters:—My 1st, 7th, 6th, 8th and 4th is the name of a city in Italy; my 6th, 7th, 1st and 8th is the name of a city in South America; my 1st, 7th, 6th and 5th is the name of a town in New-York; my 1st, 8th and 4th the name of one half of the human race; my 3d, 5th, 2d and 6th is a term used for a final end; my whole spells the name of a tree.

II.

Why is a bottle of wine like a hog's tooth?

NOTICE.

Post-Masters, Editors of Papers and others, who will act as agents; for every five subscribers, on *advancing* the Five Dollars free of postage, shall be entitled to six papers, and in the same ratio for a greater number.

Will such of our subscribers as have leisure, exert themselves in our favour?

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